Multitasking

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Multitasking

by orphan_account

Summary

Will finds out about Hanni's, uh, multitasking strategies, and freaks out. Just a little bit.

I'm migrating all my crack fics, so you may have read this already.

Will blinked, opening his eyes to an unfamiliar bedroom. *My name is Will Graham. I am in... Baltimore, Maryland, and I fucked Hannibal fucking Lecter... oh wait -- oh fuck...*

The sheets beside him were rumpled and still warm. "Hannibal?" Will called, padding lazily to the ensuite bathroom.

"HANNIBAL?!?!?"

"Hmm?" The man in question bent calmly over the toilet, pushing a toilet plunger into it with his left hand, while writing in a notebook on the bathroom counter with his right. A toothbrush stuck out of his mouth, toothpaste dribbling down his chin. Hannibal released the toilet plunger, and rinsed his mouth before turning to Will. "Yes?"

"So THIS is how you get all that shit done?" *It's gotta be the encephalitis,* Will thought. *Of course the composed exterior's a mask, but THIS seems out of character.*

"Yes, Will. I am glad that you find my particular means of accomplishing mundane tasks amusing." For the first time, Will deigned to look down at his feet. *So Hannibal Lecter wears slippers just like, well, actual humans. Oh wait...* The slippers in question had small cloth nubs protruding from their soles, as if someone had glued miniature mops to them.

Hannibal noticed his gawking, and allowed himself a small, mischievous smirk. "'Every step leads to a cleaner life', I believe the packaging said... Will?" The sudden slapping of Will's palm to his forehead was all the response he needed.

The shower door slid back to reveal a digital interface built into the wall. Curious, Will pressed what appeared to be the power button, and braced himself. *This better not be an actual fucking computer,* Will thought. Still, he couldn't deny that the thought of Hannibal sending all of his emails from the shower was pretty funny.

What the... . The interface resembled a normal iPad, but with buttons for various documents rather than apps. Many of them were in foreign languages. *120 Jours de Sodome*, by the Marquis de Sade. *Couples,* by John Updike. The home screen's background, according to the description towards its lower left-hand corner, was Miyagawa Issho's "Spring Pastimes", featuring a kabuki actor and his samurai paramour.

Holy -- I mean, unholy shit. This is probably Hannibal's idea of porn. He jacks off to this stuff.

Eager to escape Hannibal's shower-turned-masturbation-chamber, Will grabbed the nearest bottle to wash up as quickly as possible, pumping a large dollop of its contents into his palm.

Lube.

GODDAMMIT. Multitasking would really be an understatement.

"Good morning, Will. It appears that you are ready for breakfast," Hannibal's voice carried through the kitchen. *How much weirder could it be? The worst that could happen is that he reads the news while he --*

There, in front of the stove, was Hannibal Lecter in biker shorts and very little else. Worse yet, he was doing squats while stirring something in the pan before him. Will got dizzy watching him.

"Are you hungry, Will?" The gleeful smile bobbed up and down in time with Hannibal's, uh, morning workout, before fading when Hannibal turned towards the bookstand on the kitchen counter. From the mirror on the wall behind the therapist *(of course he has a mirror in each room, the narcissistic prick),* Will made out the header of TattleCrime.com.

Nope, nope, nope. Nuh-uh. He can be a serial killer all he wants, but not THIS. Without a second thought, he turned on his heel and fled. Hannibal, absorbed in his squatting, cooking, and reading, decided against chasing him. After all, he had already installed a present in Will's shower when the man in question was asleep the night before.

The things I will show you, darling... . Will would never know what hit him.

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